The second s	namen nu data a manana a data a canana ana ana ana a data a canana ana ana ana ana ana ana ana a	K for a consistence of the growth the second control and the second control of the second of the	A new provide state of the second		
THE ANT AS AN ENGINFER.		der at the sight of Druid's Moss, and with	THE JOKERS' BUDGET.	HER FAVORITE ATTITUDE.	On Which Side to Sleep. Will you take the experience of a
	what was it?" "A Bible."	that touch of superstition always linger- ing in north-country minds, she half	THE COLLEGE DODULI.	In the Street Car: Gentleman (enter-	old man, instead of learning of o
The pastry was delicious, and I want d it my- self.	Just like him, and we had two lam-	feared it had bewitched him; for he	JEST AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN	(ing) Will you kindly get up and give	writers?" asked the novelist Trollop
So I put it in the pantry on the very lowest	the little ones you have in almost ever:	worked there through long days, until he came home too weary to speak to her or	OF THE PRESS.	Lady-What do you mean by address-	when called on for his opinion in recent discussion in Notes and Que
shelf.	room."	even notice the children; while every		ing me in that manner, sir?	tes. "I sleep equally well on the right
And to keep it from the insects, those at ts so red and small,	"In the same way, Stephen, prople gave us napkins enough for three gener-	pound he could get was hopelessly sunk	A Hard Lot-A Matter of Choice-A	GentlemanWhen I offered you a seat last evening you said you preferred to	side, on the left side, or on the bac like the bad shepherd, who, we know
I made a river round it of molasses, best of	ations, and silver mugs enough to serve	It was pitiful, too, to see the bare up-	Great Improvement-A Predicament	stand. As I take you for a lady of your	'dormit supinous.' I do not think
all.	all our friends. Uncle's Bible was by no means an ordinary one."	lands of the farm that were once white with mountain-sheep; and the great	-Etc., Etc.	word, I will accommodate you by occu- pying your seat while you assume your	ever tried the only remaining pos
But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as	"How not?"	barns and byres nearly empty, that had		favorite attitude [Boston Transcript.	tion-face downward. I take it M Agnus hits the nail on the head whe
could be. And the captain with his aid-de-camp just	"It has bren in the Hawick household	once been full of Normandy farm horses and dewy-lipped Alderneys. But things	"Goodness me, Johnay! What are you crying about now?"	HAD HIS EYES OPENED.	he speaks of the inexpediency of slee
skirmishing round to see	ily register for more than two hundred.	got worse and worse, and in the middle	"'Cause Tommy dreamed about eatin'	GreenThere was a time when I	ing on the right side after a late din ner or supper; only I should say of
Whether they could for i this river, or should try some other plan,	years. I am the last of our branch;	of a dreary winter, just before the birth of her third child, Uncle Joseph died.	pie last night and I didn't."-[Indianapo- lis Journal.	brown-Yes, And you think dif-	the right side or in any other pos
	is a queer old book with great brass	Fifty pounds to defray his funeral ex-		ferently now ?	tion. The fact is, I take it, that th
the liquid ran.	clasps. I made uncle two solemn promises	penses was nearly all the money found;	A MATTER OF CHOICE,	GI do.	middle of the day, or from 1 to o'clock, is the best time for feeding
To his joy and satisfaction after traveling	"What were they?"	but he left Maggie his house and furni- ture, and with his last breath reminded	"To think that my Ethel should have spoken so impertinent to papa at dinner.	opinion ?	and the most comfortable to the get
around. The place where the molasses was narrowest	"That I would never part with it	her of the old Bible.	She never hears mamma talk that way to	GWell, the fact is I am courting	eral operations of the organism. suppose it would be well to make
he found;	GILLES GET CONTROCTEDOD, GILLEGO SE THE	"You'll be needing it soon, Maggie dear, I know; don't forget me when you	him." Ethel (stoutly)-Well, but you choosed	widow[New York Press,	the only time, which, I am convinced
Then again he reconnoitered, rushing for-	and-"	come to that day."	him and I didn't[Tit Bits.	and constructs	most of us could do with perfect con
ward and then back, Till he spied som: loosened mortar in the	"Well, what else?" "That when every other source of	These were his last words, and Maggie pondered them that evening as she sat,	A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.	Teacher-What is the meaning of self- control?	fort after a little — say a month's- practice. But if you will dine, as w
wall around a tack.	help and comfort failed me I would	silent, beside her sleeping children.	TailorChecks I see are not to be used	Boy-It's we'en a teacher gets mad,	call it, or sup, as our fathers calle
He divided then his forces, with a foreman for	go to it-don't look so angry, Stephen."	It was hard to sell the dear old home, but Stephen would hear of nothing else;	Customer-Well, that suits me; I al-	and feels like giving a boy a black mark, and doesn't.	it, at 7 or 8 in the evening, you ough not to go to bed till 2 or 3 in th
each squad,	gry; it is like a phophesy of ill fortune.	so the doctor's house went into the mar-	ways liked credit far better [Chicago		morning. I, being threatened with
And he marshaled the whole army, and be- fore him each anttrod;	I this ono and no to to peak out on tot your	ket; the quaint furniture was scattered all over the Dale and the money went	Inter-Ocean.	Wee Miss-I hate that little girl!	gout, was told on high authority that
His directions were all given; to his chiefs he	would need help or comfort I could	into Druid's Moss.	A PREDICAMENT.	Mamma-You should not hate any- body, my dear.	the surest way to avoid it was to din -that is. make my principal meal-
give a cal'; While he headed the procession as then	not give you? If he had given you a	It only put off the evil day, Squire Thwaites abandoned his improvements;	Jason-I'll be hanged if I know whether it's safer to address that strange		at 1 o'clock, and take very little after
marched off up the wall.	to the purpose."	he would throw no more good money	lady as "Miss" or "Madame."	I'll try not to, but I guess It'll make my	it. I obeyed, and have never ha any symptoms of gout since. If yo
Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck	Maggie looked quickly up. She had	after had he said hut Stanhon . "the	ArgoWhy, what difference will it make?		want to 'sleep like a babe' when be
and nothing more,	phen's lips before. Then she laughed	determination that many thought a kind	Jason-Well, you see, if L call her	A BIG BOOM. Mr. Gotham-How's business in your	tween eighty and ninety, dine early
And he climb d and tagged and carried till he'd br ught it to the shore;	gayly.	And really, in the fourth year, it	"Madame" she'll think I think she looks	section?	eat no supper-a cup of tea or coffe and a bit of toast will do no harm
Then they built their bridge, just working for	"A thousand pounds, Stephen! Why, what on earth should we do with so much	looked as if he would succeed. A por- tion that had been finished produced	so old that she must be married. And if I call her "Miss" she'll think I've	A CONCINT A HOUSE DOODHINDY, BIL, HEELE	and never trouble your head about
an hour ny the sky,	I MONEY I	I such a crop as made the farmers round	spotted her as an old maid who couldn't	booming. Why, sir, in Dugout City, where I live, they are opening up new	putting your stomach 'in the positio of an inverted bottle;' as Mr. Agnu
After which they all marched over and all fell to eating pie.	"Buy and drain Druid's Moss, Mag-	the craggy hills doubt their own eyes.	get married[Chicago News Record.	streets so fast that the whole town is	says, abstain from putting any othe
-[St. Nicholas.	Maggie drew her eyebrows together	Stephen was jubilant; what could be done for two acres could be done for two	A GOOD REASON.	down with diphtheria [N. Y. Weekly,	bottles in that position."
	and looked wonderingly at Stephen, who	hundred. He had proved his position,	"I wish I was a twin," said Bobbie. "Why?" asked his father.	AN AERIAL SUBURE.	
MAGGIE'S WEDDING GIFT.	rapid, thoughtful steps.	his idea	"Then I could see how I looked with-	Manager-Mr. Skylight, I see you're late again this morning. 'Iave you moved	The Poultry Raisers' Rule of Ten. Ten hens in a house that is te
	"Why, love." she said anxiously, "what can you mean? The Druid's Moss! What		out a looking-glass," said Bobbie	out of town?	feet square, with yards ten times th
BY AMELIA E. BARR.	is that worth?"	ties strange hard men came with an.	A NATURAL INFERENCE.	Skylight-Yes, sir. Manager-How far?	size of the house, is a rule to follow
"A man's hat in his hand never did	"A few leeches and wild birds now,	thority about her home and Stephen	"What are the principal products of	Skylight-The twenty-first story, sir.	Ten hens with one male is the correct mating, and ten eggs under a setting
him any harm, Stephen, and I wish,	Wheat and rich meadow-grass 11 11 18	looked so ill and haggard and was so ir- ritable that her cup was full of sorrow.	the Sandwich Islands?"	[Chicago Inter-Ocean.	hen in winter, are enough. Ter
dear, you had been a little more civil to Uncle Joseph."	it to day Both our uplands are more out.	One gloomy afternoon, when it rained so	"I am not sure, but I should say bread, ham and mustard."	DEFINITE ENOUGH.	weeks is long enough to keep a brolle before it goes to market, and a pai
"Nonsense, Maggie, darling. I don't	the moss nes betweep us. I would give	heavily that work was impossible, she ventured to try to reason with and com-		Jack—I may kiss you, then? Perdita (blushingly)—Some time in the	of ducks or fowls should weigh no
like Joseph Hawick and his ways, and I am not going to pretend I do."	Inve years of my nice to own mail of leand	fort the gloomy man, looking dolefully	A QUESTION NOT EASILY ANSWERED.	future, Jack.	over ten pounds. Ten cents pe pound is the average price for fowl
"His ways are very good ways. No		across the empty farm-yard toward the great, flat, dreary Moss.	"So she is going to marry him?" "Yes."	Jack (eagerly)—When? Perdita—Day before to-morrow.	in market, and 10 cents should feed a
one can say wrong of Uncle Joseph, Ste- phen."	"How much money would do, Ste-	"It will soon be over, my dear Mag-	"Does she love him?"	Teruna-Day beibre to-morrow.	hen one month.
"That is just it; they are too good. I	"A thousand pounds. I could drain	gie," he said. "To-morrow I am going into Kendal, to get another five hundred	"It is impossible to tell. He is rich."	MR. JONES TELLS A STORY.	
rather think I am old enough to know what I am doing, and what I want. I	part, and then save the proceeds to	nounds if I can upon the farm planish	MUCH TO LIVE FOR.		It takes a fool a life time to find out what others see at a glance.
have a good farm, I don't owe a penny.		ing and the remnant of the stock. I am	tell-at least more than his tongue could	Mrs. Jones Illustrates It by Frequent	
and I never mean to ask a favor except of you, or of my own hands. If I palav-	"I was thinking of Uncle Joseph.	sure, if I get it, to put the whole Moss under wheat this year, and that will	tell-for he had been telling her of it for	Acinar As,	
ered over Joseph Hawick, he would be	Nothing is so monderful on the month	practically save us. If I don't, I have	months, and is still at it seven nights a week. He was sweet and musical as	"I know the best story about Simp- son to-day," said Mr. Jones, as he set-	
the very first to say I wanted the trifle of money he may have saved."	of a master passion. In a few hours, the	and we shall leave this place have no	bright Apollo's lute, strung with his own	tled himself comfortably for an evening	
Maggie sighed, and then looked up	desire for this particular piece of land had strengthened itself so that Stephen	within a month. You know the worst	hair, and when he spoke the voice of all the gods made heaven drowsy with the	at home. "You've seen that fur coat of his, Maria-well, it was-"	Deafness Can't be Cured By local applications as they cannot much the
into Stephen's handsome face and smiled.	had strengenoued usen so that Stephen	now, Maggie."	Bous made nearch drowsy with the	"Wait till I get 'my sewing Jentha "	By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one

Stephen, of course, was right; a man be worth while to let his wife go borrow- she watched her husband make his last with such eyes and such a figure could ing for him; and the longer he talked, desperate effort. She turned and looked not, in love's sight, be wrong. He was brave and confident, too, and had that brave and confident, too, and had that last, Meggie felt hurt to see what a triffe children playing unconsciously about it; way of assertion which only very cool and sensible people can resist. Joseph Hawick would run. different sigh from Maggie's. He loved the old man, and, as they sat together rose, with streaming eyes. Uncle Joseph's over their tea and crumpets, said: "Uncle, Stephen wants to joln Squire Thwaites in buying the Druid's Moss." Somehow, they held a new meaning for her. She unlocked her drawer, and lifted "What for? To raise cranberries?" the old brass-"Uncle! Why they talk of great tenderly out, wheat-fields and meadows." "It will need a sight of drainage, and that means a sight of money. I should not think Stephen had idle cash sufficient "

Naturally, under such circumstances. the girl liked to listen. Yet she had lived in Chicago so many winters that she had some doubts about love keeping

"Whose coat?" "Why Simpsons."

"Oh, yes. Go on. "And it isn't to be sneczed at-" "Oh, dear, where's my thimble? Just let me run and get it. There, now. What was it Simpson sneezed at?" "Who said anything about Simpson sneezing? That's just like a woman," snarled Jones. "If you think you can

sit still for five minutes I'll go on with

"Simpson did-that nobody could tell

"If you know the story better than I

"Just let me get this needle threaded,"

said Mrs. Jones, as she tried to thread

the point of a crambic needle; "I can

"We were all in it, so we guessed cat-

"Jeptha! that reminds me, I haven't

"Confound old Tom! Will you listen,

"Wait till the scissors roll by. There!

I'm all ready. Was that the door-bell?

"We guessed the skin of every animal

"Heavens, Maria, you'll drive me mad!

"No! no! It was calf-when he was

"Rather fur-fetched, wasn't it?" said

Then Jones rose to offer a few feeble

remarks about telling a story to a wo-man, and expecting her to see the point,

How to Cook a 'Possum.

Scald and scrape the hair off and clean

listen better when I'm sewing. Go on."

do perhaps you will tell it," suggested

Mr. Jones. "The boys all guessed-'

"The fellows-the crowd-"

the story. He made a bet-

" Wasn't it fur-lined?"

what the coat was lined with-'

"Who made a bet?"

" What boys?"

seen old Tom to-day."

Now for the story.

in the catalogue-"

"What bet?"

"What catalogue?"

"Then it wasn't cat?"

Simpson won the bet, and-"

etc., etc.--[Detroit Free Press.

"About the lining. It was-"

skin-

Maria, or-"

discassed portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitu-tional remedies. Deafness is caused by an in-flamed condition of the mucous fining of the Eastachian Tube. When this tube gets in-flamed you have a rumbling sound or imper-fect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the mfam-mation can L. taken out and this tube re-stored is its normal condition hearing with the ed to : tion bear

said Mrs. Jones. "There now begin." "You know the outside of the coat is beaverthe cold out better than a cloak and

tion, and she had not chosen the husband that he would have chosen for her. Stephen Gray was indeed "well-to-do," and had a fair character, but the keen old man saw radical defects in it.

"He listens to no one but himself, and so he hears no advice but a flatterer's." said Joseph, "besides, Maggie, he is so proud, that I am feared he's bound to bave a tumble."

"But, uncle, he has a big heart, and he's a good farmer, and even you can see that he is the handsomest man in the Dales."

"That is all true, girl, but God does not measure men by inches."

However, in spite of all disaffection, Maggie Hawick's wedding with Stephen Gray came off with great and widespread hospitality. Joseph Haywick had been for forty years the physician and friend of all the Dale families, rich and poor, and not one of them missed an invitation. The gentry feasted in the oak-raftered parlor, and the shepherds and cotters in the big barn. But all were merry and full of good wishes for the pretty bride and her handsome husband.

The number of the bridal presents Maggie received testified to it. Stephen's sideboard ond buffet would be bright with silver tokens, and his presses full of snowy damask and fine-spun linen and blankets. But, upon the whole, it the loving kindness that sanctified the at her will." gifts, and the obligation was not pleasant to the self-sufficient young man. He had assured Uncle Joseph voluntarily, and with rather unnecessary pride, that he wanted nothing with Maggie, neither gold nor gear nor land; and yet, for all

of his eccentric attentions to poor patients, to "have money," and Stephen felt that a handsome check on Kendall Bank or a few government bonds would some expense in refurnishing the old unincumbered for six hundred years. farm-house, and he was very anxious to try some new scientific experiments with his worn out land.

But Maggie said nothing about her uncle's present, and Stephen was far too proud to ask her, until nearly a year after their marriage. But one day he had a long talk with old Squire Twoftes about "high farming," and then the two men drifted into the discussion of some scheme for the draining of Druid's Moss. Then Stephen, thinking it all over as he smoked his pipe by the blazing ingle, saw untold wealth of harvest from the rich alluvial soil and fabulous wheatfields growing where men now caught leeches or shot wild fowl.

If he only had money! If he only had one thousand pounds in cash! Thwaites and he would buy and drain the Moss. He sat dreaming over the project and counted the acres and bushels over and over, until he began to look upon Druid's Moss as the one thing upon the earth to be desired.

"Maggie," he said, suddenly, to the little wife, sewing and gently rocking herself beside him, "Maggie, what did Uncle Joseph give you for a wedding present? You never told me."

"I thought you would not like it, Stephen,'

"He wants to borrow it."

Joseph's face clouded.

"Wonders never cease. I thought Stephen Gray would starve before he would borrow or owe money."

"Don't cast up the past, uncle. Stephen thinks that if he could borrow a thousands pounds he would make it ten in a very few years; and, uncle, I came to-day to ask you to lend him it."

"You came a useless journey, Maggie, others stoop for its conceit,"

"Squire Thwaites said you had plenty of money in Kendal Bank."

"If I had money I'd never trust it in need now. I am getting an old man, sundown, up to the hearthstone? Maggie."

you would have no fortune, and he quite And she spread the money before him. scorned at the thought of money with He had his choice between yon you. rather mortified him. He could not feel and Kate Crofts, with the Crofts Manor

The old man was quite gloomy after finished the draining of Druid's Moss. this talk; and Maggie was almost glad to escape from the silent hearthstone to the bustle of her own busy farm and the noisy welcome of her husband.

Stephen took the refusal very proudly, that, he looked rather anxiously for the old man's offering. Joseph Hawick was believed, in spite made him the more determined to carry with his pride and his independence, but | ises and provides for .-- [The Ledger. the next day he went into Kendal and made arrangements to raise the money by not be out of place; for he had been at a mortgage on the farm that had been

been spent to very little purpose, more offences, experienced surveyors had to be sent for, thrashed. and entirely new means and machinery both Squire Thwaites and Stephen Gray. The former more able to bear his loss, became, after two years' labor, quite indifferent, talked of the affair as hopeless, and was half angry with Stephen for persisting. But something like despera-

tion animated the young farmer, for he had so far mortgaged his home and es-tate that their redemption was hopeless if the Moss failed him. Poor Maggie, with her two babies to

care for, strove to help him by taking upon herself labors she was totally unfit transferred to his shoulders. And so great is the burden of its sins that, even were one sir (two pounds) of butter for each hair on the cat's body offered in feeding the temple lamps before Buddha's fmage, the crime would not be explated.—[Indian Antiquuy.]

However, next day she went to see in passionate, pleading prayer. As she last words flashed across her mind. the old brass-bound book carefully and

> "It has comforted my fathers and mothers for many a generation," she said softly. "I will see what it will do for And she unclasped it with a me. prayer: " I was brought low, and He helped me.'"

They were good words, and she read the whole psalm through and turned the leaf. A Bank-of-England bill for one hundred pounds fell at her feet. She lifted it as though it had fallen from heaven, and commenced to turn, with eager, trembling fingers, the well-worn pages. One after another, bills fluttered into her lap until, from between the boards of Uncle Joseph's wedding-gift, forbye I don't like that pride that makes she had taken eight thousand eight hundred pounds.

Can any one guess how sic prayed again, and with what a radiant face she met the cross, wretched man that, haifany bank; but I make no more than I drowned with the storm, walked, about

"Stephen! Stephen !" she cried joy-"Stephen will be sorely disappointed." ously. "Never look sad again! Uncle "He has no cause to be so. I told him Joseph's wedding-gift has saved us!" Maggie was right; the money saved Stephen every way. He bought Thwaites out; he paid off all claims on his home; he restocked his farm, and triumphantly

Maggie's fortune was oddly given, but the eccentric old man did not judge far amis. His wedding gift was blessed as he intended it should be-in two waysfor Maggie and Stephen learned to love it, not only for the material help it had brought them in their extremity, but also for the promise of the far more exceedout the project. He had a fierce struggle ing and abundant riches which it prom-

The Cat in Thibet.

The cat is treated by Thibetans with the most marked attention and forbear-In a few weeks all arrangements had ance. Even when it spills milk, breaks been made, the Moss had been bought, or destroys any valuable object, or kills. surveyed and divided, and the partners some pet bird, it is never whipped or in its drainage went to work. It soon beaten in any way, but merely childen proved itself a drainage of two kinds, and driven away by the voice; while After many hundreds of pounds had were a dog or a child to commit these they would be soundly

used. Too much had been thrown into the Moss to abandon the project, and yet the constant cry for "money" was fast Such very mild and considerate treatexhausting the patience and purses of useful animal, to the extent that it contributes to the preservation of sacred pictures, robes, books, sacrificial food, and the like, by billing the rats and mice which consume and destroy these. But otherwise the cat is considered the most sinful being on earth, on account of its constant desire for taking life, even when gorged with food, and its torture of its victims. Its mild treatment is due to the belief that whosoever causes the death of a cat, whether accidentally or otherwise, will have the sins of the cat transferred to his shoulders. And so

serving for food and raiment. Spareribs and sealskins, she knew were more comfortable from a practical standpoint.

Yet she loved to listen to this lover's love. It's a weakness women have even in Chicago. On this occasion he had been talking

to her of his love and his hopes for the future.

"I have so much tolive for," he whispered tenderly, as be took her in his great strong arms. She looked up into his face trust-

fully "I should say you did, George, she said with charming naivete. ** T

weighed 200 pounds to-day on papa's hog scales." "Birdie," he murmured, and kissed her.- Detroit Free Press.

THE SAD BLEVATOR BOY.

Old Lady-Don't you ever feel sick

going up and down in this elevator all day? Elevator Boy-Yes'm. "Is it the motion of going down ?" "No'm.

"The motion of going up ?" "No'm. "The stopping ?"

"No'm. "What is it then ?"

"The questions."-- [Good News.

SURE TO FAIL.

Bilkins-Your friend Scribbler seems to be always short of funds. If his books don't sell, why don't you try him at office work when you need a new man? Boomer-No use. A man who can't

succeed as a novelist hasn't imagination in it | ha! ha! See?" enough for the real estate business .-- [N. Y. Weekly. Mrs. Jones, yawning.

HONEST.

He-Don't you think you could love me just a little? She (decidedly)-No; I'm one of those impulsive creatures who never do things by halves,- New York Press.

FASHIONS FOR '93.

Wife-Isn't it lovely? It was so delightfully antique I could not resist the in the ordinary way. Fill the carcass temptation to buy it. Husband-Well, I'll be dinged! Here | and sew up with a few stitches of twine I've just been elected President of the or coarse thread. Scoop out a hole in Swear Off Temperance Society, and you go out and Purchase an old-fashioned "We needn't use it for punch, my

"I was thinking we might keep it in and let the fire burn down to coals. In

"What for?"

of course, "-- [New stamps, York Weekly.

stewed spring chicken. All the fine aroma of the meat is retained, which, -Papa, in time of trial what do you suppose brings the most comfort to a man?

quittal, I should think.- Brooklyn Life.

Gildersleeve-A Philadelphia man has a carriage which he says Washington once owned Tillinghast-Who has the hack Wash-

ington tool; at the cherry tree? - | Brooklyn Life.

stored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an in-flamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One-Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by catarrh that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Oatarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENET & QO., Toledo, Q. Sold by Druggiata 75c. Sold by Druggists 75c.

The mother tongue is probably the lan guage of Mars

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Mala-ria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength. aids. Direct.on, tones the nerves-creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

Praise never has to be coaxed to sing.

\$3 Worth of Hood's

Cured When Others Failed

Salt Rheum or Psoriasis-Severs



Kingsley, lowa.

"In 1879 1 had an eruption appear on my left leg and arm. Sometimes it would ulcerate and on account of it I was unable to work a great deal of the time. I had seven de ctors examine and treat me without success. Some called it psorasis, some eczema, some salt rheum and one knowing one called it prairie itch. All the doctors in the county had a trial but none did me a particle of good. I spent all my spare money trying to get relief. Finally I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After using one and a half bottles I saw the benefit. I have now used the third bottle and am completely cured. I received more



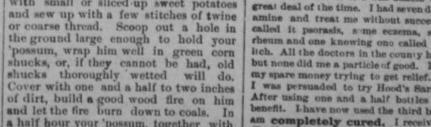
enclit from three dollars' worth of Hood's parsaparilla than from the hundreds of dollars. paid for advice and other medicine. Any one suffering from skin trouble will surely get relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla." N. J. McCoun. Kingsley, Iowa.

We Know This to Be True "We know Mr. N. J. McCouu; saw his leg and arm before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and know he was terribly afflicted; now he is cured." "E. H. BANKS, Druggist, "D. A. OLTMANN, " J. P. GASPER, " R. B. ELLIS, "C. C. BAHUER, Kingsley, lowa-

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, maint digestion, cure headache. Try a Box.

we also cooked a great many fish in this way. Indeed, it is the best way that I have ever found to cook fish, flesh, or fowl. The cowboys often roast a calf's head in this manner when out in camp, wrapping it up in wet gunny sack in-stead of corn shucks. Heavy brown

HOOD'S good plan to cook a 'possum this way at night and let it ramain in the ground until next morning, when you can serve it for breakfast. When cooked in this manner the flesh is so tender that it just drops from the bone like a thoroughly



punch bowl as big as a tub.

dear.

"What cau we do with it?"

the library. We can fill it with water, a half hour your 'possum, together with you know, and alongside of it have a the sweet potatoes, will be done. It is a sponge on a pretty Japanese plate."

"For wetting Columbia postage

A JUDICIAL OPINION.

Daughter (looking up from her novel) suppose brings the most comfort to a man?

Papa (who is District Judge)---An ac-

COMPANION PIECES.

paper thoroughly wet answers the purpose of wrapping first rate.-[Dallas News.